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BUILDING UP A GREAT ARMY

How Von Moltke Organized the Greatest Fighting Machine Europe Has Known.

He Was at the Head of the Prussian General Staff Before He Had Heard a Shot Fired, and Solved Great Problems by Hard Study.

By Gen. Viscount Wolseley, K. P., G. C. B. [SECOND ARTICLE.]

William I, however, did not hesitate to introduce great reforms into the Prussian military system. But these reforms meant an increased military budget, which entailed some years of serious conflict with what I may style the Prussian House of Commons. The history of this conflict is very interesting, and is instructive to all lovers of free and parliamentary institutions. To us who love parliamentary institutions it may help to make it intelligible how it is that for the present, at all events, the great German people content to dispense with such supremacy of Parliament as exists among us. Institutions in any country are strong in proportion as they are supported by the strength of the nation, and have proved themselves efficient in practice. The popular representatives of Germany at that time had not been trained by long years of responsibility. They committed themselves to opposition to the pol-1cy which, in the end, created the German empire. The effect has been, for the time at least, enormously to increase the authority of the Prussian throne, which in 1848 and 1849 was very weak, indeed.

The nation, as a whole, felt that they and gained what they wanted from the action of the King, and not from those who had opposed him. While, therefore, the instructive sympathies of Englishmen are with those who are supporting constitional methods, it is not difficult for us to understand how a man like Von Moltke should have felt, as he evidently did, that the cause of Germany was, for the time being, the cause of Bismarck and the King, and should have thrown himself heart and soul on that side of the question, though in the political contest he was altogether in

the political contest he was altogether in the background.

Few Englishmen trouble themselves with any speculations as to what would have been the position of our country now, as regards some of the other European powers, if the Prussian army had not been converted into the great fighting machine it soon became. In other words, if Moltke and Von Roon had not urged the great army reforms then effected, and if the King and Bismarck had not run all risks for the sake of securing that unity of Germany which was the heartfeit wish of all Germans, though, as Von Moltke puts it in the official history of the 1866 campaign, "for the sake of unity, neither were the princes prepared to sacrifice their rights nor the people their peculiarities."

BROKEN BOOMS.

How They Are Inflated and Why, in Due

Course, They Collapse.

Eight or nine years ago lots on the chief business street of Winnipeg were held at Broadway prices. While the capital of Manitoba to-day is larger and its prospects are brighter than ever before these same lots may now be bought for one-third of their former price, and from one end of the town to the other may be seen the effects of that era of boom and wild speculation. The handsome postoffice fronts on a side street, because the dominion government declined to pay the price demanded for frontage on the main thoroughfare. One or two costly blocks, far from the business center, are tenantless, and have ruined the men who built them. A hotel which was to have cost a fortune never got above the founda-

tenantless, and have ruined the men who built them. A hotel which was to have cost a fortune never got above the foundations, and some of the handsomest residences in the city were built by men who lost their all in the crash and are too poor to-day to live in the homes they reared. The people of Winnipeg have had all the boom they want for half a century, and they are happy to-day because they believe the great harvest of this year will fairly set them on their feet again.

Brandon and a half dozen other bright little towns in Manitoba have the same story, on a smaller scale, to tell. The boom struck them hard, and the boom is the scapegoat on which they saddle all of the ills that have since befallen. What did the boom do for them? It plunged them into debt that they might buy property at fictitious values. It tempted them into business ventures on a scale too large for their capital, and stimulated an unhealthy growth in their towns which was not justified by the development of the country around them. After years of struggling under these evils they are beginning to touch bottom again. Booms, in their opinion, do not pay, and they are now content to grow on natural lines.

Several booms on the Pacific coast which

Several booms on the Pacific coast which

were attracting much attention awhile ago have departed this life. There is nothing

the matter with Vancouver, Seattle or Ta-

somely that the casual visitor might easily

imagine himself in a city of three times Seattle's population. Tacoms, on her lofty hill above Puget

sound, shows many of the finest business blocks and by all odds the handsomest private residences to be found north of Portland. But these three towns, with brilliant prospects undoubtedly before them, are just now complaining bitterly of hard times. Three weeks ago five or six colonists' cars on the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific railroads were starting East every day filled with

resources and an assured future. But he is a forehanded farmer who can add to his tillable area more than

two or three acres a year in that region of dense forests. To-day the farmer is covering the sky with the smoke of burning logs, but the process of clearing the land for the plough is slow and laborious. Rich coal fields and mountains of metal are

there, but it takes time to attract sufficient

there, but it takes time to attract sufficient capital and open the mines. Railroad building, too, is at a stand-still.

It was high time the boom went out of business in these Westerntowns. They are better off without it. If they never see it again they will be just as big and prosperous in the long run as nature means them to be, and as human enterprise can make them; and without the boom they will attain the full limit of their development.

tain the full limit of their development just as quicky, and with a good deal less

Not to Be Caught.

Miss Ingenue-Oh, Mr. Jones, we're going to have some lovely pop-corn this winter,

and you must come up often and help us.

wear and tear during the process.

you know I'm not a-s popper.

THINKING FOR THEMSELVES. Moltke and Roon were not content to merely copy what France or some other military power had done. They thought out for themselves the muitary necessities of the day, determined to be first in the field among nations to make sweeping re forms in their army, to wipe out what had become obsolete and useless, and to adopt new ideas instead. They were wise soldiers, serving under a wise soldier King as commander-in-chief.

When shall we succeed in thinking out for ourselves what changes are required in our military system, in our drill, training, our military system, in our drill, training, tactics and equipment, untrammeled by notions and prejudices which, sound and good a century ago, are now as out of date and behind the science and inventions of the day as would be the bows and arrows of the middle ages? We have now plenty of most intelligent and highly educated officers, capable of modernizing our army, but they are sat upon by the bow-and arrow style of generals. Their initiative is too often crushed by our ignorant and intolerant military conservatism. ant military conservatism.

When the revolutionary mania stalked across Europe in 1848 the Prussian army. like that of every other continental nation, was organized and trained upon a system entirely out of harmony with the science and discoveries of the day. The construction of railways had revolutionized strategy, but very few as yet were wise or far-seeing enough to perceive how much this was or would be the case. Moltke was among the very first to foresee and was among the very first to foresee and realize it and to take the fact into his military calculations.

The Prussian army is a striking instance of how thoroughly old-fashioned and out-of-date military notions may be uprooted when an army is fortunate enough to have bent on fitting it, first and foremost, for fighting purposes. To fully appreciate the great things Von Moltke and Von Roon did in this respect, with the approval of their soldier King, it is essential to understand how inefficient the Prussian army was before they began their sweeping reforms in its organization and training. In these articles it would be impossible to dwell upon so large a subject, but to illustrate how badly off it was for a leader in the field as late as 1841 the following facts will be interesting: the matter with Vancouver, Seattle or Tacoma. Their prospects are as bright as they ever were, but the booms have fied. The thing has been overdone and the reaction has come. Henceforth they must be content with a slower and surer growth.

Every one that visits Vancouver is astonished to see the little city which has aprung up on a site that was covered with dense forest five years ago. The people have been so busy putting up their stores, building their electric street-car line, their handsome churches and opera-house that they have had no time to pull the stumps which cover nearly every vacant lot. Two years ago the business part of Seattle was laid in ashes. To-day the long streets devoted to trade have been rebuilt so handsomely that the casual visitor might easily

M. Thiers, who was then Prime Minister in France, seemed determined to force on a European war in what he conceived to be the interests of his country. In England and in Germany this war was believed to be imminent, and the King of Prussia was most anxious to be prepared for it. All his old generals of repute were dead, but a great leader was of the first necessity. He consequently turned to England and formally asked the Duke of Wellington, then in the seventy-second year of his age, to accept the command of the German army in the event of a war with France. This startling fact is beyond all doubt, and a copy of the Duke's answer, addressed to our minister in Berlin, Lord William Russell, is now before me.

LORD CLYDE'S CRITICISMS.

In the year 1861 Lord Clyde, then just Pacific and Canadian Pacific railroads were starting East every day filled with men who said they could not get work, and were glad to have money enough to leave the country. The mechanics who flocked to Seattle are out of a job. Many enterprises have been overdone and a period of rest and waiting must follow.

The present state of things is perfectly natural. The towns cannot develop far in advance of the country which must sustain them. They have had their boom, but, unfortunately, booms do not clear lands for the farmer, open profitable mines, or develop a great shipping trade in a day. The towns have grown too fast, and, though much against their will, they must wait for the country to catch up. It is a country worth waiting for, a land of splendid resources and an assured future. But home from India, was sent to Berlin to see the Prussian army. In his official report he speaks highly of its many good points, but in private conversation he found fault with its system of fighting in column, the the enemy was under protection of cover.
To a great friend of his—the general he most trusted in India—he spoke somewhat disparagingly of it. The old warrior, whose fifty years' experience had begun in battles with the French in the Peninsula, said that the Prussian army which he saw in 1861 was little more than a very great militia force. His words have been sometimes quoted as though he had condemned the short service system which won the battles of 1866 and 1870. It would not have been surprising if, after a life spent in our long-service army, he could not persuade himself that an army filled with young soldiers, and in which no private had served more than two or three years, could attain to any real first-class military efficiency. He probably shared this prejudice against an army the great bulk of whose fighting soldiers lived as reserve men in civil life with nearly all our generals of that time. But it must be remembered that the army which he saw in 1861 was practically the one which, by the hopeless failure of its mobilization in 1350, forced upon the minds of the King and Moltke the necessity for reform. Army reforms take a long time before they tell upon the condition of an army. The new system was only introduced in 1860. The organization as it existed up to 1860 gave a large militia with a small standing army. The new measures created a large effective short-service army for the field, with a militia be-

Mr. Jones (destroying her last hope)-But

Von Roon and Von Moltke, if they could have heard Lord Clyde's private remarks in 1861, would have said at once: "Certainly, he is quite right. It is because we know that the army organization which has come down to us from the times of Scharnhærstand Gneisenau gives us a mere militia as the bulk of our army that we have felt that we must at all cost introhave felt that we must at all cost introduce the present reform. When our new
method has had time to to work, you will
see what the difference will be. It will
take about eight years for the whole system to attain its normal development.
Then, if it be tested by its efficiency in war
and not by its appearance in the barrackyard, we are not afraid of the result." In
fact, 1866 came a little too soon for the completeness of the system. Had Lord Clyde
lived to see the mighty achievements of
the Prussian army of 1866 and 1870—speaking from my own knowledge of what a real
soldier he was—I am sure he would have
been among the first to acknowledge the
efficiency which had been introduced by
the reform of 1860, though it was not vis-

the reform of 1860, though it was not visible in 1861. WHY MOLTKE WILL BE REMEMBERED. The glory achieved for his county by the successful general of the present day is now compared-and perhaps rightly compared-with the benefits which the inventor of some new medicine or new surgical appliance has conferred upon the world. In the over-refinement of cultivated society many now admire Cæsar's Commentaries more than Cæsar himself or the great things he did for Rome. Military glory and the renown of him whose genius won it for his country have now many serious rivals. But Germany's existence as as a state depends so exclusively upon the efficiency of her army it is impossible that the memory of Moltke, the great soldier who did so much for that army, shall ever be forgotten by the German people.

Moltke will be remembered, not only as the great strategist but as the great extrategist but as the great strategist but as the great strategist.

the great strategist, but as the ardent patriot devoted to duty. Foremost among the champions of German unity, he can never be forgotten by those who love the honor and greatness—that is, the military renown—of their fatherland. In this age of maudlin invertebrates he was truly and eminently a strong man—strong in his coneminently a strong man-strong in his convictions, and not asnamed of them or afraid to make his nation fight for them

The place he held in the world was not of such dazzling height as that occupied by Prince Bismarck. His part was quiet and unobtrusive. To those who knew him well personally he was endeared as a God-fearing man, full of real piety and a deep, sincere faith in his Maker. The hater of cant and of clap-trap, copy-book morality, he did not fear to shed blood when it was necessary to do so in the interests of the German people. He believed it to be right and just to do so in such a cause, as it had been for God's chosen people of old in the land of Cansan. Full of merciless common sense, his heroic spirit held in supreme contempt the unctuous humbug to which the moderal Pharisee of public life treats the people so copiously. He shuddered as he watched the effect of its blighting influence upon the patriotism of other nations. The place he held in the world was not ence upon the patriotism of other nations.

King William was the soul, but Moltke
was the brain of the German army in
1870. In the armies of Marlborough, of Frederick the Great, of Wellington and of Napoleon the thinking and the execution were both done by the one man. But where, as in Prussis, the King must go into the field as the commander-in-chief, the separation of the brain and soul can be seldom avoided in the future with the vast armies now sent into the field. A Charles XII, a Peter or a Frederick the Great are not often given to the royal line of any nation. In the wars which converted the King of Prussia into the Emperor of Germany the head of the army was a grand old leader, with all the best instincts of the soldier. He was a soldier at heart, and thought as a fighting soldier who thoroughly knew the science of war and was most conversant with every phase of its art. But yet he was wise enough

phase of its art. But yet he was wise enough to depend for his strategy upon Moltke, the great thinker and planner, the great "organizer of victory."

The carefully thorough and successful system under which Moltke enducated the German general staff to its present high state of efficiency is most remarkable. He taught his officers to feel, as it were, what he wanted and simed at without any clabhe wanted and aimed at without any elaborate demonstrations of the problem before them. He had educated them to fully un-derstand his short and concise orders, and the army was thus ready at all moments to give effect to his plans, or to change from one object to the other on the field of bat-tle as he might think desirable. He was inexorable in his dealings with his officers, but such was the kindliness of his disposi-tion that all who knew him well were deeply attached to him.

SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

The advantage conferred by book knowl edge of war, by military study, is often discussed. I frequently hear the idle as well as the ignorant assert, to excuse their laziness and want of application, that one grain of experience is worth a ton weight of military history to any officer. Mottke's whole career is the most positive denial to this assertion, and should point a moral to all who seek to rise in our army. He was placed at the head of the general staff before he had ever seen a shot fired in Europe, and when his only experience of war had been the stampede of the Turkish army before Egyptians. He knew all books and study could and, above all things. mind was full of deductions drawn from that study, and well thought out, businesslike schemes for their application to the altered conditions of the day. Therein lay the secret of his success in war. Any in-telligent boy who has mastered the first book of Euclid can learn and thoroughly understand the science taught so didactically by Jomini, Clausewitz and others. But it takes a deep thinker like Moltke to aptly and correctly apply that science to new conditions, whether those conditions are of the most primitive epoch, as is often the case in our own little wars, or the complicated conditions of modern inventions and appliances. It is for exinventions and appliances. It is, for example, the able and thinking soldier alone who can now work out in his own mind the effect which the use of high explosives, smokeless powder, etc., will have on the strategy and tactics of the future. Moltke was selected for the highest position in the Prussian army because the King believed

every high position in our army will be filled upon a similar principle. And here, if I might venture to advise young officers, I would beg of them not to rest contented with simple knowledge. A man may be crammed with all that has ever been written on war, and yet be quite useless as an officer unless deep thought is brought to bear upon that stored-up knowledge. Moltke thought out for himself and evolved from his own brain what he concluded would be in the immediate formation of square to resist cavalry in-stead of receiving it in line, and with the proneness of the cavalry to attack when would meet in arms, and he carefully prewould meet in arms, and he carefully pre-pared his army organization to meet those new conditions, and trained his soldiers ac-

When war came in 1870 the Prussian army was in a most efficient state, and its arrangements for a rapid mobilization were almost perfect. The French army, on the other hand, was far behind the age in this most important point. As we are so went to do at all times the French were living on the history of a former renown. Their army had come out of the Crimean war with great credit, because, when compared with our old-fashined and infamously trained army, it seemed to be a really good fighting machine. It had some good leaders, while almost all of ours and most of our staff officers were ignorant of their trade. But our greatest misfortune then was the entire absence of any reserve. Our mili-tary chiefs were then taught the lesson that the nation which embarks in a serious war without a strong and efficient reserve to replenish losses in its field army courts disaster, such as that which befell us in the Crimea. And yet there are old curiosities among us who would have us forego our modest army reserve of about sixty-three thousand men for the pleasure of seeing older soldiers in the ranks when a battalion marches past! The French reserve in 1870 was comparatively small and badly or-

NEW THINGS IN HIS STRATEGY.

machinery, by means of which a small peace army full of recruits could be suddenly converted into a war army of immense proportions, with all the partially-trained young soldiers eliminated and replaced by the reserve soldiers who had been trained in previous years. Moltke was among the first to perceive that henceforward the destinies of Europe would no longer be controlled by highly-drilled standing armies of mederate proportion and composed of men moderate proportion and composed of men always kept with the colors. He also clear-ly foresaw that the railroads, the electric telegraph and steamships favored the grand offensive strategy of Napoleon, and would, in the future, enable whole nations to take the field to accomplish their national aims and aspirations.

It was evident to him that the employment of these vast armies would generally minimize the influence and importance of fortresses; that the larger the national force in the field the more necessary it would be to break it up into several armies. each under a more or less independent commander. He had fully taken in how much the electric telegraph had rendered all this possible, and how much it also demanded greater prearrangement, with a more minute and carefully-devised organization.
He saw that the use of the breech-loading rifle rendered fire discipline a matter of paramount importance, and that it was, in fact, the death-knell of Frederick's and of Wellington's stift drills and tactics.

In 1864 it became his duty to frame the

plans of campaign which meant the de-struction of the army in which he was educated. The experience he gained then enabled him to introduce many important reforms into the Prussian army. Again, after 1866, further changes were effected as the result of the lessons learned in Bohemia. The tactical use made of artillery and cavalry in the latter campaign was most faulty. By 1870 the Prussian batteries had adopted a new system of artillery tac-tics, which gave to that arm a power and an independence in battle it never pos-

sessed before. The part of Von Moltke's work as a general which has been most severely criticised is his conduct of the 1866 campaign. By the end of the 1870-71 war his fame as a soldier had been so firmly established that few ventured to criticise his handling of the troops in that war. Many, however, had committed themselves to severe criti-1866, before Europe had been at all con-vinced that the success of 1866 was due to anything but the breech-loader. It is therefore specially interesting to all stu-dents of war to examine with care the 1866 campaign. As I think most of the questions connected with war in our time, as it is now conducted in the age of telegraphs, steam and breech-loaders, are raised by the criticisms which have been applied to Von Moltke's conduct of that campaign, therefore I propose in the next articles to examine these criticisms with some care and to endeavor to judge fairly Von Moltke's

strategy in that campaign. [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.] [Copyright, 1891, by S. S. McClure.]

MRS. CARLYLE AS A CHILD. She Was Unusually Beautiful and Possessed

Goodly Share of Courage. New York Sun's Review of "Life of Jane Weish There is no doubt that Miss Jane Welsh must have been a fascinating young woman, for from childhood she revealed the double charm of beauty and of intellect. Her curling black hair, large black eyes, now shining with soft mockery, now softly sad; her clear, pale skin, broad forehead, and nose the least bit retrousse, help to give us a picture of an arch, gay, mobile little creature, whose slight, ry and graceful figure was in harmon with the spiritual face. Those who knew her speak of her as beautiful to the very end of her life. Such beauty as could call forth this tribute must have been undeniably pronounced, and such beauty as could survive in triumph the long martyr-dom to which this bright being was predestined must have traced its source to the

spirit whence it could shine forth amid ruins. From an early period of her life it was felt by those around her that her most remarkable gifts were those of the mind. Her intellectual vivacity was startling. Naturally playful, too, she was, and she does not seem to have been spoiled even by the petting of her two grandfathers. No doubt there was a certain rival-ry between the latter to attract the notice of this precocious and gifted little child. Mrs. Ireland conceives her to have been, even from her babyhood, a coquette, "with that wonderful caprice of baby girls so intensely amusing to grown-up people, so half-pathetic and alto-gether human, when considered from some points of view. Who has not seen the dim-pled despot of a year old, safely enthroned within the arm of mother or father, give or passionately refuse a kiss, contract the whole face with sudden frowns or dispense

whole face with sudden frowns or dispense bewitching smiles, and offer or sharply withdraw the dimpled rose-leaf hand?"

The fact is interesting and significant that Jane Welsh was a dauntless child, possessed of a courage seldom exhibited under modern conditions by her sex. Amusing is Mrs. Ireland's account of her attack on "a horrid and alarming turkey-cock she was apt to encounter at the gate through which she passed on her way to school. Her alarm at this hideous bird grew almost overpowering, and she hated the thought overpowering, and she hated the thought of living in fear of him. On one occasion, as she passed this gate, several laborers and boys drew near, seeming to enjoy the thought of seeing the ill-conducted bird run at her. Jeannie's spirit was roused; she gathered herself together and made up her mind. The turkey ran at her, gobbling and swelling, but she suddenly darted at him, seized him by the throat and swung him round—no small feat for a slender little lady of her age." From the first, too, she loved a sense of danger.

It seems that "near the school was the Nun Gate bridge, whose arch overhangs the water at a considerable hight. There was a narrow ledge on the parapet, the crossing of which ledge on the parapet, the crossing of which was an uncommonly dangerous feat, to which the boys now and then dared one another. One fine morning Jeannie got up early, went to the Nun Gate bridge, lay down on her face on this ledge and crawled from one end to the other at the imminent risk of breaking her neck by a fall into the river beneath." In this exploit, with others like it, Mrs. Ireland sees indubitable proof of a fearlessness which was to give proof of a fearlessness which was to give way only under trials of unusual severity.

Stories Told in Georgia.

him to be the ablest and best man for the place, and the English officer may rest assured that the day is not far distant when A little Marietta boy, looking at the stars, the other night, inquired of his grand-mother "if the stars were the moon's little

> The following conversation is said to have actually occurred: First Party-You go to hades!

Second Party-Look here, if you don't stop that kind of talk I'll tell you to go to a worse place than that. First Party-Where is that place? Second Party-I'll tell you to go to Troup-

A few nights ago a young man called on a young lady of this place, and as the young lady did not care much about him she had not a great deal to say, but rested her head on her hand and listened to her youthful caller discourse until a late hour. Finally she became drowsy, and the next morning she and her caller were found hard and fast asleep in their respective chairs. This

is a positive fact. Why You Are Taller in the Morning.

Live and learn, and live as long as you can; but you will usually be shorter at night than in the morning. The reason for this is explained by the Richmond editor to his correspondent in Georgia, as follows: "The spine is made up of a number of bones called vertebrae (twenty-four in number) which are separated by pads of fibro-carti-lage, varying in thickness from one-fourth to one-half an inch. These pads or cartilages become condensed during the day from the weight they are required to bear. and, consequently, are somewhat shorter in the evening than in the morning. Owing to their elasticity they resume their usual

thickness during the night. The Privilege of Royalty

Washington Star.

hind it for fortress work and lines of communication. Therefore, in all probability.

"This circumstance is mentioned in the "Gre-ville Memoirs," vol. 2, chap xii, p. 34.

There was nothing new about Moltke's and of Napoleon.

"What is that terrible noise?" asked one carriage robes or rugs.

Russian nobleman of another. "It sounds as if some one were riveting a boiler."

"Yes," was the reply; "the Czar's valet is getting him ready for bed."

Can be so beautiful the carriage robes or rugs.

THE GENTLEMAN A strived at the Pol.

What was new was the completeness of the getting him ready for bed."

Chilian caballeros (getting him ready for bed."

THE ARISTOCRATS OF CHILI

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Their Social Standing Is Indicated by the Quality of Their Horse-Trappings.

A Land Where Horses Are Cheap and Everybody at Liberty to Treat Them Cruelly-Saddle-Horse Outfits that Cost \$5,000.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal. Concepcion, Chili, Aug. 5 .- In this country, when one desires to take a ride, he does not send around to the livery stable for a vehicle, but sallies forth on foot, carrying whatever paraphernalia the excursion may require, and walks until a birlochero comes along. The public carriages are much like the "hacks" in common use at home, except that they are built in more substantial fashion, for these roughly-paved roads would soon shake an ordinary coach into kindling wood. Hail a passing birlochero and its rider will whirl his raw-boned horses two or three times around in a narrow street, grazing the houses on either side, to the imminent peril of pedestrians, for he considers that a deal of noise, flourish and whip-cracking are needed to do proper honor to the occasion. Having satisfied his conscience in that regard and brought his foaming steeds to a stand-still, you clamber in and are frisked away pell-mell over the stones at a pace that may be truely termed a "spanking one," for you are bounded against the top like a rubber ball and hurled into your neighbor's arms with force enough to fracture thinly-cushioned ribs, bonnets battered, hats knocked off, but you may be consoled by the reflection that you are riding for pleasure, and that this heroic exercise is good for garlic-in paired digestion. Hereabouts the favorite after-dinner

drive is to a suburban pleasure-garden called the Polanco, which is much frequent-ed by all classes of society. The place in itself has no attractions, but there are few ways of varying the monotony of life in Chili, and the world over the human species are like sheep in following the lead of a bell-wether. When first arrived in this part of the country, we used to carefully ex-plain to our coachman that we were strang-ers in the land and desired to be shown the most beautiful and entertaining sights.
We found the cocheros obliging fellows, always delighted with the mission and proud to exhibit home institutions; but unfortunately their ideas of the beautiful fortunately their ideas of the beautiful differed greatly from our own. The first jehu drove us straight to the slaughter-house, and, throwing wide the door, triumphantly invited us to enter and view the whole process of killing and dressing. Having declined that amusement, to his infinite surprise and disappointment, he drove next to the big hospital, where legs and arms are sawed galore, and where a vast array of amputated sores, and tumors, and monstrosities are set forth in glass bottles. Finding us still not agreeably diverted, even by this gruesome display, which possesses extraordinary fascination for the low-class Chileno, he spent the remainder of the afternoon driving sulkily up and down the same streets, evidently ruminating upon the stupidity of Gringoes. Another cochero, delegated with the same miser cochero, delegated with the same mission, made a bee-line to the almshouse; another carried us at once to the penitentiary, and another to the poor little cemetery. At last we learned that Concepcion has no "sights," even her churches being too new to be interesting; and now, on our order, "Vaya al Paianco" go to the planure-garden. One is sure to encounter many novelties en route, and the streets are a lively panorama, slow-moving, but kaleido-scopic-of unfailing interest to the for-

A DIGNIFIED HORSEMAN. For example: There is a gray-bearded, dignified guaso mounted on a fine horse, with his fat wife behind him. He is topped by a broad-brimmed hat, the rest of his person enveloped in a bright-hued poncho. or native blanket, with a slit in the centre or native blanket, with a slit in the centre through which he thrusts his head; while she wears a purple cotton gown, a scarlet shawl, and a man's hat of Pana straw. The horse's bridle is plated with silver and on the saddle are piled five or six shaggy pillons or woolen cloths, which almost cover he thighs. The rowels of the guaso's spurs are, without exaggeration, large as ordinary tea-plates, from six to eight inches across and often heavily plated with silver. His stirrups are made of a block of oak, elaborately carved and hollowed inside—say ten inches high by nine in diameter for a moderate size, each weighing four or five pounds—forming a complete protection for the feet when passing through mud, mountain bushes and rocky defiles. At one side of bushes and rocky defiles. At one side of the saddle is fastened a coiled lasso, made thumb, fifty or sixty feet long, with a slipnoose at the end. The guaso is never without his lasso, and the skill with which he out his lasso, and the skill with which he can use it is amazing. If he wishes to capture an animal that may be running off at full speed he takes the coil in his right hand, urges his horse to a mad gallop, and, whirling the lasso to give it momentum, hurls its loop with unerring aim around the neck, horns or legs of the animal with as much ease and accuracy as a skilled base-ball player sends his ball. The horse is so trained that the instant the lasso leaves his rider's hand he stops and braces leaves his rider's hand he stops and braces himself to bear the strain of the struggling animal. Chilians of the guaso class are bred to this exercise from infancy, and every ragamuffin urchin old enough to tod-dle is forever practising his art on poultry, dogs, cats and other small animals that come in his way, with the same diabolical persistency that the gamin of Peru and Bolivia shy stones out of strings at passersby, and Patagonian boys, a degree less civilized, shoot their none-tipped arrows.

Hurrying on toward the Polanco, we meet and passiother birlocheros, all filled with chattering and smiling Chilenos. Drunken

sailors come over from the port of Talcahuano to "paint the town," galloping the
streets at break-neck speed, knowing little
about horsemanship and caring less; and
peons, seated on the rear end of little donkeys, carrying before them huge panniers
of fruits and vegetables. Every streetcorner is occupied by a ragged exile from
sunny Italy, with hand-organ and monkey,
grinding out music to the delighted populace. These troubadouring nuisances are
more fortunate here than in the far north,
for in Chili they are never routed by the
police, but are actually paid by the authorities. Here comes a peon with a long pole
over his shoulder, from which dangle
bunches of tallow candles, while he sings
in a musical voice, with many variations of sailors come over from the port of Talcain a musical voice, with many variations of inflection. "Velos de sebo" (tallow candles). "Aqui son velos de sebo;" "Ve-los de-se-boo." Behind him comes another bare-footed citizen, carrying an armful of country brooms, each being merely a bundle of broom-corn tied around the end of a rough stick. We pass no end of merchants, male and female, seated on the ground with broad, shallow baskets before them containing cakes and dulces for sale, or charcoal pots over which garlic-seasoned tamales are sizzling in grease. Others have gay feather dusters, made from the plumage of Patagonian ostriches; and the stock of trade of one or two are elegant robes of guanaco skins, a fine soft fur of mingled canary color, buff and white, brought from down toward the straits of Magellan and here used for footrugs in winter time. Now and then one is rugs in winter time. Now and then one is so fortunate as to encounter an itinerant comerciante with some of those splendid robes made of the breasts of ostriches, covered with gray and white feathers from four to six inches long, which are prepared by the Patagonian Indians. I have succeeded in capturing a beauty, about three yards square, which was originally intended to be wornered as a dress by the four to be a square. tended to be worn as a dress by the favorite wife of a Patagonian chief. These feathery skins wear as well as furs, and nothing can be so beautiful for sofa coverings.

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS HORSE. Arrived at the Polanco we find the Chilian caballeros (gentlemen) out in full